FULL BLEED
PITT CREW
MATURE CONTENT
RICHARD PACE
KEN LASHLEY
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#1
MONSTER

PITT® CREW #1

FULL BLEED™ STUDIOS

CREATED BY DALE KEOWN

"monster"

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RECAP

On the distant planet Creed, a son is born to the emperor, Zoyvod, in his genetic laboratories. The newborn, known only as PITT, bursts free of his gestation tank and escapes. Jealous, and wanting to keep the news of Pitt's birth from their father Zoyvod, Wroth kills the young hybrid and orders its body to be cast into the limestone depths -- the Creed dumping grounds. But, much to Wroth's chagrin, PITT LIVES!!!

[See PITT issues #11 & #12]

"PITT® Crew" Vol. 1, #1 AUGUST 1998. First Printing. Full Bleed Studios. $2.50 U.S. / $3.80 in Canada. PITT®, ZOYVOD™, & all other prominent characters and their distinctive likeness are registered trademark, and Copyright © Dale Keown 1995, ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. The entire contents of this book are registered trademark and Copyright© Dale Keown 1998. Any similarities to persons living or dead is purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this book may be reprinted in any form without the permission of Dale Keown. WILDCARDE1
PRINTED IN CANADA

HE WHO FIGHTS WITH MONSTERS MIGHT TAKE CARE LEST HE THEREBY BECOME A MONSTER.
JENSEITS VON GUT UND BOSE. IV, 146
FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE
QUAGG'S JOURNAL...
THE FANGBACK SNARLS AT OUR APPROACH. THE BEAST'S EYES FLASH PURPLE AS BLUE NICTITATING MEMBRANES FLICKER OVER ITS GLOWING RED PUPILS.
WE'RE TRESPASSERS WITHIN ITS DOMAIN AND NOTHING INFRINGES UPON THIS KILLER'S TERRITORY AND SURVIVES.
THESE HUGE DESERT CATS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN CREED'S GREATEST PREDATOR. ABORGINAL CREED TRIBES WOULD TEMPORARILY CEASE THEIR INTERNECINE WARFARE TO HUNT A MATED PAIR OF FANGBACKS.
MANY BRAVE HUNTERS WOULD DIE, BUT, THE JOINTLY HELD FEASTS AFTERWARDS OFTEN CULMINATED WITH BLOOD OATHS OF PEACE.
THAT WAS CENTURIES AGO, BEFORE ZOYVOD BECAME OUR GOD-EMPEROR AND BROUGHT THE CREED TRIBES TO SERVE HIM ON ONE OF THE PLANET'S FOUR MOONS.
ZOYVOD HAS GIVEN US TECHNOLOGY AND AN EMPIRE, BUT HE TOOK OUR HERITAGE AND FREEDOM AS PAYMENT.
ALL THOSE YEARS AGO, WE WERE STRONGER AND PROUDER AND BETTER. NOT ONE OF US COULD HUNT A FANGBACK WITH SPEAR AND TONGA KNIVES NOW.
EVEN WITH OUR BLASTER RIFLES AND MOTION TRACKERS - THESE GREAT DESERT CATS WOULD LINE THEIR NESTS WITH OUR BONES AND FEED OUR ENTRAILS TO THEIR YOUNG.
WE SHOOT THE BEAST FIVE TIMES WITH OUR FORWARD GUNS BEFORE WE'RE SURE IT'S DEAD.

AFTER A YEAR ON THE EMPIRE'S PERIPHERY, ZOYVOD'S CALLED ME BACK TO HOMEWORLD.

BACK TO CREED.

THE LAST TIME I WAS HERE I WAS PLAYING MY RACE'S FAVOURITE GAME; *PSYCHO SYCOPHANT*. THE RULES ARE SIMPLE, YOU DO WHATEVER YOU CAN TO PLACATE THE ONE CURRENTLY IN CONTROL WHILE MAKING SURE YOU WON'T RECEIVE ANY BLAME IF SOMETHING GOES WRONG.

ONE OF ZOYVOD'S CREED-HYBRID PRINCES, WROTH, THE ONLY ONE ALIVE AT THE TIME, HAD DECIDED TO OVERSEE THE CREATION OF ANOTHER SIBLING. HE ASSUMED MY COMMAND OF THE BIOGENETICS LAB ON THE PLANET'S SURFACE WHERE THE BIRTH WAS TO TAKE PLACE.

HAD I KNOWN HE WAS ONLY HERE TO KILL THE NEWBORN HYBRID - TO ELIMINATE HIS COMPETITION - I WOULD HAVE MADE ANY EXCUSE TO TRANSFER UP TO ZOYVOD'S MOON.

AS IT WAS, WROTH ORDERED ME TO DISPOSE OF THE BODY HERE IN THE DUMPING GROUNDS AND REPORT TO ZOYVOD THAT THE PROJECT FAILED DUE TO COMPLICATIONS.

THE ONLY REAL COMPLICATIONS AROSE WHEN I WAS TRANSPORTING THE DEAD HYBRID CHILD'S BODY....

IT WASN'T *DEAD* ANY MORE. THE LITTLE *FREAK* HAD ALREADY RECOVERED FROM WHAT APPEARED TO BE FATAL WOUNDS.

Z'RITH, THE LONG DEAD ECTOTHERON-CREED HYBRID COULD REGENERATE LOST LIMBS AND HEAL RAPIDLY, BUT NOT THIS FAST. NOT THAT IT *MATTERED*.

SLASH!

IF HE WAS SOMEHOW ABLE TO SURVIVE THE FALL; THE YOUNG HYBRID WOULD HAVE TO FEND FOR ITSELF AGAINST NIGHTPROWLERS AND SANDMAGGOTS....

...OR *FANGBACKS*.

ZOYVOD SHOWED HIS DISPLEASURE BY SENDING ME TO THE FRONTLINES OF OUR EMPIRE'S WARS. HE WAS SURPRISINGLY MERCIFUL. I SUSPECT HE KNEW WHAT REALLY HAPPENED DOWN HERE - HE SEEMS TO KNOW EVERYTHING.

WHY ELSE WOULD HE CHOOSE ME TO RETRIEVE THE ***HYBRID*** CHILD I REPORTED ***DEAD*** AND GONE SO ***LONG*** AGO.

WARMASTER QUAGG, OUR DESTINATION IS SIX GIGS SUNWISE.
I'M ALSO PICKING UP A FAINT TRANSMISSION BEACON FROM THE AREA ZOYVOD'S COORDINATES INDICATE AS THE HYBRID'S LAIR.

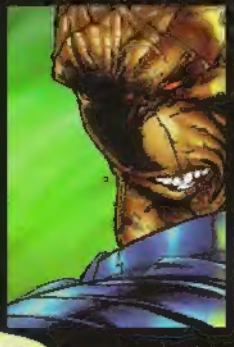
KANRA, FIRST WIFE AMONGST MY FOUR WIVES. IF ZOYVOD HAD NOT MADE EMOTION ***ILLEGAL***, I WOULD ***LOVE*** HER. SHE HAS ALREADY GIVEN ME TWO ***SONS*** AND IS A BETTER SHOT WITH A ***BLASTER*** THAN ANY OF MY OTHER WIVES. KANRA IS MY BEST ***ADVISOR*** AND CONSORT AND WATCHES MY BACK AGAINST HUNGRY ***RIVALS***.

THE ***HUNGRIEST*** BEING ***FARVV***. I PLUCKED HIM FROM THE GROUND HORDES OF ALDERAAN TO FIGHT IN MY ***ELITE*** FORCE. HE'S A ***BETTER*** WARRIOR THAN I ***EVER*** WAS AND PERHAPS WOULD MAKE A BETTER ***WARMASTER*** IF HE WERE TO ***KILL*** ME AND TAKE MY PLACE. THREE CYCLES AGO I ***INFECTED*** HIM WITH A ***NANO-TECH*** VIRUS. HIS CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM WILL ***SHUT DOWN*** AND THE LITTLE MACHINES WILL START ***EATING*** HIM FROM THE ***INSIDE-OUT*** AT MY COMMAND.

IF ***FARVV*** MAKES HIS MOVE WITHOUT ***KANRA*** STOPPING HIM OR BEFORE I CAN VOCALISE MY ***NANOTECH COMMAND*** WORD, ***MUNN*** WILL ***KILL HIM***. ***MUNN*** HAS SHOWN LOYALTY TO ME OVER THE YEARS. I HAVE DONE LITTLE TO EARN THIS FROM THE OLD SOLDIER, BUT I RECOGNISE IT FOR THE VALUABLE COMMODITY IT IS AND KEEP THE AGING WARRIOR CLOSE.

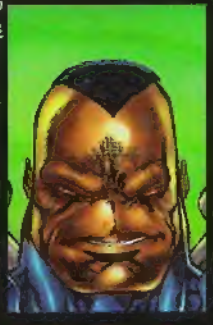
A FORMER STARFIGHTER PILOT, ***BRUNELL*** DESIRED CLOSER COMBAT THAN SHIP TO SHIP SPACE BATTLES AT INSANE VELOCITIES. HE ONCE TOLD ME HIS GREATEST JOY WAS BATHING IN HIS VANQUISHED ENEMIES' BLOOD. THE SCENT HE THROWS OFF TASTES LIKE HE DOES THIS OFTEN.

YUNG USED TO BE A WELL KNOWN ***WARMASTER*** IN THE ***REDIUNI*** SECTOR. IT'S HARD TO TELL IF HIS NOTORIETY IS BASED MORE ON HIS VICTORIES IN BATTLE OR HIS LONG RECORD OF HEAD WOUNDS.



GRBAC SERVED UNDER ***YUNG*** FOR SEVERAL YEARS. A GOOD FIGHTER WITH NO AMBITION. PERHAPS HE'S DEVELOPED THE SAME RELATIONSHIP WITH YUNG, AS MUNN'S WITH ME. USUALLY, A WARMASTER USING FIELD TAPE TO HOLD HIS SKULL TOGETHER IS AN OPEN INVITATION TO RISE IN THE RANKS.

KORDELL IS ANOTHER BRILLIANT WARRIOR AND HE WOULD GO FAR IF HE WEREN'T SO EAGER TO CONVINCE EVERYONE HE'S AS GOOD AS HE THINKS HE IS. HE ALSO KEEPS HIS QUARTERS AND EQUIPMENT THE CLEANEST I'VE EVER SEEN. I DON'T KNOW IF THAT'S GOOD OR BAD.



YUNG, TAKE POINT!

SIX HELLS! I DON'T KNOW WHAT ***IS*** GOOD AND BAD ANY MORE!

I AM CERTAIN THAT EVERYONE ELSE *BELIEVES* THEY KNOW WHAT'S *BAD* RIGHT NOW.
AND WHAT THEY *THINK* IS BAD IS BEING HERE ON THE BARREN SURFACE OF OUR ANCESTRAL PLANET WITH ITS *OVERWHELMING* GRAVITY. GRAVITY SO POWERFUL THAT IT ACCELERATES THE FLOW OF *TIME*.
MOON-TIME?
YEAH, MOON-TIME, *NOT* PLANET-TIME.
SO THIS HYBRID WAS *DUMPED* HERE A *YEAR* AGO?
A YEAR AGO, *MOON*-TIME.
IT'S CAUSED BY THE PLANET'S *GIGANTIC* SIZE AND HIGH *MINERAL* CONTENT OR SOMETHING. I NEVER PAID ATTENTION IN *INTERSTELLAR* PHYSICS.
PLANET-TIME? WHAT'S THE *DIFFERENCE*? TIME'S TIME.
NOT DOWN HERE, IT *AIN'T*.
FOR EVERY *YEAR* ON *ZOYVOD'S* MOON GONE BY, *SOMEONE* HERE HAS LIVED *FOURTEEN* YEARS.
WHAT? *HOW* DOES *THAT* WORK?
WELL, IT'S BECAUSE THE PLANETS REALLY *BIG* AND FULL OF *HEAVY* METALS AND ROCKS... OR *SOMETHING*.
ANOTHER *LOSS* FOR ZOYVOD'S *SCIENCE CORPS!*
I COULDN'T *TELL* YOU *SPECIFICALLY*, BUT, I CAN TELL YOU...
FOURTEEN YEARS! SIX HELLS, I WONDER WHAT IT'S BEEN *DOING* FOR ALL THAT *TIME*?

...HE'S BEEN *BUSY!*

I'VE OFTEN WONDERED IF ALL THOSE ***BLOWS*** TO THE HEAD INDUCED YUNG'S KNACK FOR ***UNDERSTATEMENT*** OR IF HE WAS ALWAYS THAT WAY.

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NOTHING ON THE MOTION SENSORS, BUT THE ELECTRONIC TRANSMISSION I DETECTED EARLIER IS COMING FROM THIS CAVERN.
EXPAND THE PERIMETER ON MOTION SCANS, THEN TRY TO ISOLATE THAT SIGNAL.
OVER HERE!
THE UNKNOWN TRANSMISSION BOTHERS ME. I START TO WONDER IF THE HYBRID CARRIED SOME PIECE OF TECHNOLOGY FROM THE LAB IT WAS BIRTHED IN.
MY STOMACH TIGHTENS AS I THINK ABOUT THE POSSIBILITIES. IF THE DEVICE SOMEHOW INCRIMINATES ME IN WHAT HAPPENED A YEAR AGO I'LL HAVE TO DESTROY THE EVIDENCE AND KILL EVERYONE HERE.
KANRA, I COULDN'T KILL HER, BUT IT WOULD LOOK SUSPICIOUS IF JUST THE TWO OF US SURVIVED. PERHAPS IF I LET MUNN LIVE TOO, IF I CAN TRUST THAT HE'S MORE LOYAL TO ME THAN TO ZOYVOD...
I THINK THIS IS THE SOURCE OF THE TRANSMISSION.
ALL THE PIECES FELL INTO PLACE. ZOYVOD ONLY FOUND OUT ABOUT HIS HYBRID SON'S SURVIVAL WHEN IT SLAUGHTERED A CREED SURFACE PATROL.
HYBRIDS CAN TELEPATHICALLY 'LOCK-ON' TO THEIR SENTIENT OPPONENTS AND OTHER HYBRIDS CAN SENSE WHEN THAT HAPPENS.
ZOYVOD MUST HAVE FELT HIS SON'S PRESENCE HERE WHEN HE KILLED HIS FIRST INTELLIGENT VICTIM.
ZOYVOD MAY HAVE HIS SUSPICIONS ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED, BUT THAT'S ALL HE HAS. PERHAPS HE'S KEEPING ME ALIVE AS A THREAT AGAINST WROTH.
ZOYVOD'S MOVES ARE ALWAYS UNFATHOMABLE. IT'S ALWAYS BEST TO PLAY DUMB.
KANRA, CONTACT THE DROPSHIP. I WANT TO RELAY A MESSAGE UP TO ZOYVOD'S MOON.

PLACE THE PROXIMITY MINES THROUGHOUT THIS CAVERN AND SLAVE THEM TO YOUR MOTION DETECTORS. IF HE TRIGGERS A MINE I WANT TO KNOW WHERE AND WHEN/
SIX HELLS!
WHAT NOW?
NO RESPONSE FROM THE DROPSHIP COMMUNICATION SYSTEM, AND BOTH THE PILOT'S AND GIMPY'S PERSONAL COMMUNICATORS ARE RECEIVING, BUT NOT RESPONDING.
DROPSHIP TWELVE, RESPOND!
I'VE RARELY QUESTIONED KANRA'S ABILITIES BEFORE, BUT WITH SO MUCH AT STAKE I HAD TO TRY FOR MYSELF.
DROPSHIP TWELVE, RESPOND!
DROPSHIP RESPOND!
SOMEONE RESPOND! DAMN IT!

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GRBAC AND KORDELL, BACK TO THE DROPSHIP NOW!
GRBAC'S NOT HERE.
YUNG, ON POINT!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
THIS ISN'T COWARDICE, IT'S INTELLIGENCE. WAITING AROUND IN THE HYBRID'S LAIR IS AS STUPID AND FATAL AS DISOBEYING ZOYVOD.
ARRRGGH!
WE TURNED IN TIME TO SEE KORDELL'S LEGS DISAPPEAR INTO A CRACK IN THE TUNNEL CEILING, HIS RIFLE AND GLOWGLOBE CLATTERING TO THE FLOOR WHILE HIS SCREAMS CONTINUED.

BRAM!
BRAM!
BRAM!
YOU WANT SOME MORE? GET SOME OF THIS!
SCREAMING'S STOPPED.
I GOT HIM. I GOT HIM!
I TOLD YOU I GOT HIM!
BLOOD!
KEEP MOVING.
KORDELL. I CAN TASTE THE ACIDIC TRACES OF COMBAT METAMPHETAMINES IN HIS BLOOD. HE TOOK THEM [illegible] THE DROPSHIP.

NEARING THE CAVE'S MOUTH, SHOULD FEEL RELIEVED BUT YUNG SHOULD BE
START PREPARING MYSELF FOR BAD
MORE NEWS

CONTACT THE DROPSHIP COMPUTER AND COMMAND IT TO PREPARE FOR IMMEDIATE LAUNCH.
WHAT ABOUT THE MISSION? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT THE HYBRID?
FARVV DOESN'T REALLY CARE ABOUT THE HYBRID OR THE MISSION. WHAT HE REALLY WANTS TO KNOW IS WHO'S GOING TO TAKE THE BLAME FOR
YOU HAVE MY PERMISSION TO START WORRYING ABOUT THAT AFTER WE GET OFF THIS PLANET!
UT...
HOPEFULLY THAT WILL GIVE ME ENOUGH TIME TO FIGURE OUT A WAY TO MAKE SURE FARVV TAKES THE BLAME AND I GET TO WALK AWAY.
GUTCH!

NO. THE FIRST THOUGHT THAT RACES ACROSS MIND IS: HE'S WEAK! FANGBACK SKIN
A MALE FANGBACK THE BLACK APPEAR SEASO MOST
AND THIS HYBRID KILLED

SHOOT HIM!
RUN!

I CAN ALSO [illegible] THE DEEP ROAR OF THE [illegible] AS HE RAPIDL[illegible]
WE'R[illegible] DROP SHIP[illegible] LIFT JET[illegible] OUR DEPAR[illegible]
HOPE HE[illegible] STOP WHEN HE TAKES ON[illegible] FLOWING THREE OF[illegible] THE SHIP
LEAVE[illegible] SOH...
WHICH HE SAY[illegible] WILL
GLITCH!
QUES[illegible] WERE?

GIMPY'S BODY IS JAMMING THE DOOR SHUT.
CAN YOU OPEN THE CARGO DOORS?
I'LL GET THE ACCESS CODE FROM THE SHIP'S COMPUTER.
IT'S STOPPED
THE CARGO HOLD WAS MODIFIED BEFORE WE LEFT ZOYWOO'S MOON. AN ENERGY CONTAINMENT WAS ADDED TO PREVENT HIS WAY FREE
GOT IT! REAR CARGO DOORS ARE OPEN!
NOW REALIZE MODIFICATION MAY BE THE SURVIVE THIS MISS
KANRA, OPEN THE DOORS TO THE SHIP'S INTERIOR!
HURRY AND CLOSE THE CARGO DOORS!
NO, LEAVE THEM OPEN!
WHAT!?

HEY!
RARRH
GRAAAAHH!
BRAM!
HURRY!
BRAM!
BRAM!
"EEEE!
KRAK
ONE MOMENT--
THE SCARS THE HYBRID GAVE ME A YEAR AGO START TO ITCH AS I FEEL HIS MIND REACHING OUT TO TOUCH MINE. MY FLESH CRAWLS THE MONSTER'S PSYCHIC POWERS SURFACE THOUGH

FOR YEARS I'VE HAD ZOYVOD AND HIS HYBRID PRINCES, WROTH AND Z'RITH, PLAYING AROUND IN MY HEAD, TWISTING MY EMOTIONS AND ACTIONS TO SUIT THEIR NEEDS AND WHIMS.
IT'S OPEN!
AND NOW THIS UPSTART BASTARD- THIS SAVAGE CAVE DWELLING FREAK- WANTS TO TRY TO 'LOCK-ON' TO ME AND CRANK UP MY RAGE!!
QUAGG - ?
IT WANTS TO MAKE ME SLOPPY... UNBALANCED...
I'M SO USED TO WROTH'S PRACTISED POKING AROUND IN MY SKULL THAT I CAN FEEL THE FUMBLING NATURE OF THIS YOUNG HYBRID'S ASSAULT.
HE'S AN AMATEUR AND IT SHOWS.
GIVE IT UP, BOY! I'VE BEEN MIND-SCREWED BY EXPERTS!
KANRA, SHOOT THE BASTARD!

BRAM!
BRAM!
KEEP SHOOTING! KEEP HIM PINNED DOWN!
QUAGG?
SLOW HIM DOWN - I'M CLOSING THE CARGO BAY DOORS!
QUAGG, HE'S CLOSE-
ONE MOMENT-
QUAGG-
QUAGG- I STILL LOVE Y-

I LOVE-
MY ANCESTOR'S RELIGION TOLD OF SIX HELLS, EACH A DIFFERENT PUNISHMENT FOR BREAKING ONE OF THE SIX TABOOS DICTATED TO US BY OUR GODS.
ZOYVOD CAME HE TOLD US THERE NO HELLS AND ALL OUR ERE MYTHS, LIES TOLD FOR THEY BECAME OUR TRUTHS.
SLIT, I'VE JUST REALIZED SOMETHING ZOYVOD FORGOT TO TELL US. THERE IS A HELL...
AND WE'RE LIVING IN IT.

KANRA, AT THE END, KNEW WHY I DID...THIS. IF THE HYBRID WASN'T FIGHTING-SOMEONE ELSE WHEN I WAS TRYING TO KILL HIM-IT WOULD HAVE READ MY THOUGHTS AND ESCAPED.
I HAD HOPED FARVO WOULD BE THE ONE TRAPPED IN THE CAGE WITH THE FREAK. KANRA HAD SACRIFICE
WE RETURNED WITHOUT THE HYBRID AND WITH MY ENTIRE UNIT DEAD. I HAVE EXECUTED ME AND MY BLOOD SONS.
AND EVEN THOUGH IT'S AGAINST ZOYVOD'S LAWS, WE TRUE LOVED OUR CHILDREN. SHE DIED FOR
STARING AT THE HYBRID, I REALIZE HE'S SCARRED ME TWICE. ONCE ACROSS MY FACE, NOW, M
SOMEDAY I'LL BE STRONGER. WILL BE...
THE DEATH OF ME.

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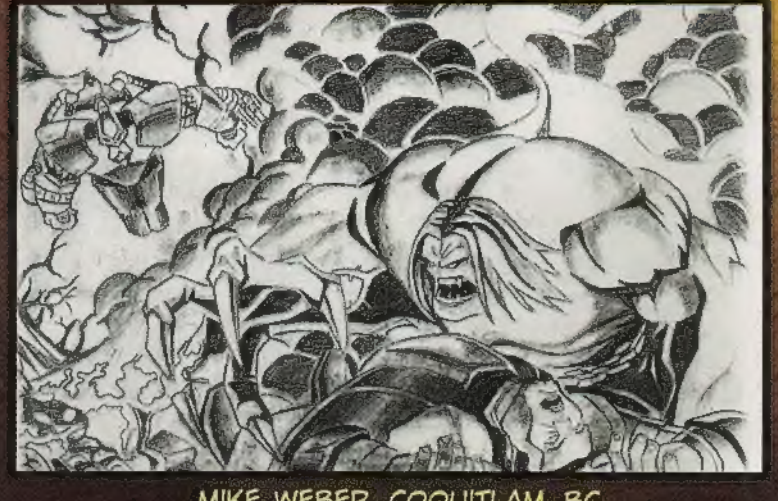

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